Church Parade of the Dufferin Rifles,

—TO—

GRACE CHURCH, ON SUNDAY, OCT. 26th, '84

No. 320.

1 Stand up, stand, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead;
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumber'd foes;
Yous courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 157.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wander'd away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to night by many a thorn."

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep."
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

No. 315.

1 Come, labour on.
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day."

2 Come, labour on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labour on.
The labourers are few, the field is wide.
New stations must be fill'd and blanks supplied
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come."

4 Come, labour on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done."

6 Come labour on.
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure.
Blessed are those who to the end endure:
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee!